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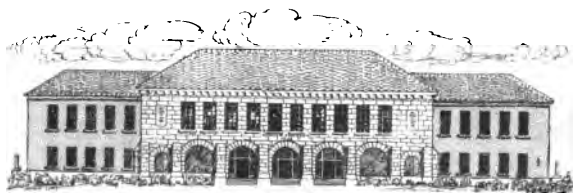


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# Four True Stories of Life and Adventure

By  
Jessie R. Smith

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I take great pleasure in sending you this copy of reproduction stories for children. I believe that they will prove as valuable in other schools as they have been in the schools of Santa Rosa, California.

Very truly yours,

Frederic Burk.

*Clark University, Worcester, Mass.*

**JAN 12 1898**





# Four True Stories of Life and Adventure

BY  
JESSIE R. SMITH

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION  
LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY

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## TO TEACHERS

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*This book is to be read by children, not to them.*

*Fifty years ago, the only tool used by the teacher in teaching reading was the school lesson-book. Since that time, the problem, both in means and purpose, has greatly broadened. The modern teacher has several ends in view and finds use for a variety of tools. In the first preliminary steps of teaching technique, the process is probably a more or less mechanical one, and the teacher still finds use for the reading-book. But once this initiation is accomplished, she finds herself in need of a variety of different*



*books. She wants stories of intrinsic interest to children, which may be either read or related, for the purpose of introducing the children to literature, myth, history, and science. When he has reached his fifth school year, and generally not until then, under present rates of progress, the child is able to read such stories for himself. To meet this need, the market now offers a liberal assortment of serviceable books. But between the first-year period and this later period, there exists at present a gap, both in the child's ability to read and in the market supply of books which he can read. The child, during these years, is hungering for stories, especially for "true" stories, and some mothers and teachers try to meet the demand by reading and telling. This is well and good, but it is clear that if this*

## PREFACE

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*inborn craving could be met by books, framed in language of such limited vocabulary and construction that the child in the second and third years of school could understand, and of such intrinsic interest that his attention would constantly be invited to the story rather than to the form of print, a valuable tool would be offered. Rapidity in learning to read depends upon the quantity of material read and upon the quickness with which the child's attention shall be drawn to the substance by which the process is made more or less an unconscious one. The market supply of such books is painfully weak. Those that we have are chiefly the result of the attempt of some adult to project himself into the mind and vocabulary of a child, and such attempts have not been fruitful of much success.*

*This book is designed to meet this end. It is practically written by children. Miss Smith's purpose has been that of a faithful chronicler of children's language, mode of expression, and the lines of their plot interest. In this purpose she has had the advantage of a natural sympathy and instinctive "rapport" with the child mind and impulses, that, so far as my experience speaks, few persons possess. The method of the book's production has been as follows: she first related to her pupils, who were from seven to nine years of age, the story of the hero in the best form her instincts could dictate. Some days later, after the story, its form of presentation, and language have somewhat "settled" in the children's minds, she has called for reproductions, both oral and in written form, allowing the pupils also to*

## PREFACE

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*illustrate their written work in any way they pleased. She has then made these reproductions the material for most careful study as to essential elements of plot, salient points of interest, and especially the words and forms of expression used by the children. By this means the story has been reconstructed. Portions over which the children love to linger are brought out to the fullest extent. Their words and forms of language, within the limit of grammatical usage, are followed scrupulously. Much care has been used to keep the stories within a limited vocabulary. Less than 750 different words are used in the entire series, and these, excepting the necessary geographical names, are all of the commonest use among children.*

*The practical idea upon which the plan*

*is based is, therefore, that if there are points of interest and description which particularly and uniquely attract children, these will be the points which will be most forcibly impressed upon children's minds when they hear the story related; and further, of these points, the strongest will be the ones best remembered when the children reproduce the story. By using a comparatively large number of these reproductions, Miss Smith has gleaned the common points of interest as well as the common forms of expression. The method is therefore unique. Without attempting to formulate any principles or a philosophy of children's interests, Miss Smith has simply sought to draw the material from the child himself. These stories, in typewritten and mimeographed form, were used in the schools of*

*Santa Rosa, Cal., for many months, and in their present form are the products of much revision. Speaking from results upon children which I have personally witnessed, and from the experience of superintendents and teachers of other schools where the Story of Washington in published form has been extensively used, it may safely be said that in these stories there is a drawing power for the child that is assurance that a resonant chord in the child nature has been struck.*

*FREDERICK BURK.*



## STORY OF COLUMBUS





## THE BOY ON SHORE

---

**L**ONG ago there lived a little boy. His name was Christopher Columbus. His home was in Genoa, a city in Italy. Genoa is by the sea.

Columbus loved the sea. Every day he went down to the shore. There he could watch the ships come in and sail away.

These ships went to far-away lands. The sailors used to tell Columbus stories about these lands.

One day, when he was six years old, his mother sent him down-town. She told him not to stay long.

But he was gone all day. Then his father went to find him.

No one had seen Columbus.

His poor mother cried and cried. She said: "Our boy is lost. He will never, never come back."

But by-and-by Columbus came home. His mother ran to meet him.

She said: "Where have you been all day? We have looked everywhere for you."

"Oh, just down to the wharf," said Columbus. "I saw a big ship come in. The sailors told me so many stories that I forgot to come home."

"What did they tell you?" asked his mother.

"They told me about an island. It is away out in the ocean. They said the shore was all covered with gold."

Columbus did not like to be a little boy. He wanted to be big, and strong, and old.

"Then," he said, "I will be a sailor."

I will go to ~~this island~~ and bring home gold."

His father said: "You must go away to school. There you can study about the stars. You must learn to draw maps, too. Then you can be a sailor."

This made Columbus very happy. He ran down to the wharf, singing: "I'm going to be a sailor! I am going to be a sailor!"

He came home from school when he was fourteen years old. Then he went to live on the sea. When he grew to be a man he was a sea-captain.

## THE ROBBERS

---

**C**OLUMBUS sailed all along the coast.  
He went as far north as England.

Once, on his way home, he ran into some sea-robbers. They had a hard fight. It lasted all one day and night. Then the robbers set his ships on fire.

Columbus was the first to see the fire. He cried to his men : "Quick ! quick ! Get into the little boats. Make for the shore."

He was the last one to leave. All the boats were full. So he took an oar and jumped into the water. He swam to the shore. The shore was six miles away.

The people then did not know that the world is round. They thought that it was flat. They said a big giant held it upon his

back. Columbus did not believe that story. He used to study and think about the world. He said he knew it was round.

The people laughed at him. Columbus said he could sail west across the ocean. Then he would come to India.

India was a rich country far away. The people used to send there to get gold, silks, pearls, and spices. It took them a long time to go there. They had to cross a big desert. The sand and the sky were all they could see. The sun was very hot on the desert. Sometimes they would not find any water for days.

The people had no cars then, so they rode camels when they went to India. It was too long and hard a trip for horses.

One time the king sent out some men to India. They got gold and silk for him ;

then they started back. When they were nearly home they came to some trees. A spring of water was near them.

"This is a good place," said the men;  
"let us camp here to-night."

They were tired, and were soon fast asleep.  
By-and-by some robbers came along.

They said: "See that gold and silk. Let us take it."

Just then one of the men woke up. He saw the strange men.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Give us that gold," said the robbers.

"No, I won't," said the man. "It belongs to the king."

"We don't care," said the robbers, "we will take it anyway."

This frightened the man. He called to the others: "Robbers! Robbers! Wake up!"

The men jumped up. They fought the robbers a long time; but the robbers ran away with all the money and silk.

"Now, what shall we do?" said the men.

"Let us go back for more gold and silk," said one.

"No," said the others, "let us go and tell the king."

The king was angry, and sent for his wise men. He told them how his men had been robbed. He wanted to find the robbers.

The wise men said: "It is of no use. We cannot find the robbers. Let us send the men for more gold."

"No," said the men, "we do not want to go. The way is too long. The robbers may come again."

So the men went home. The king said he would find a new way to India.



## COLUMBUS VISITS KING JOHN

---

**O**NE day Columbus heard the story of the robbers. So he went to King John. King John was king of Portugal.

Columbus said to King John: "I am sure the world is round. If I had some ships, I would sail around the world across the ocean. That would make a short way to India. The robbers then could not rob your men of their gold and silks."

Columbus was too poor to buy ships of his own. He wanted King John to buy them for him.

The king again called his wise men. He told them about Columbus.

They said: "No, do not help him. He is crazy."

But the king said: "Columbus may be right. I will ask him his plans. Then I will send out ships of my own. If I find any new lands, they will belong to me."

So Columbus showed him his plans and maps. He told the king about the world, and how to sail around it.

Then the king said: "No, Columbus, I will not help you."

Poor Columbus went away. Then the king sent out a ship of his own.

By-and-by a big storm came up. The waves dashed and the winds blew.

The sailors were frightened.

"We are lost! We are lost!" they cried. "This is the edge of the sea. We will soon fall over."

So they turned around and went back.

They told King John there were no lands in the west.

The king then told Columbus the world was not round.

"How do you know?" asked Columbus.

"I sent out a ship," said the king, "and the sailors could find no land."

This made Columbus very angry. He took his little boy, Diego, and went away from King John and Portugal.

## THE GOOD QUEEN

---

**C**OLUMBUS went to Spain. He asked the king and queen there to help him.

They said : " Wait, and we will send for our wise men."

The wise men came, and Columbus told them his story.

They said : " Hear him ! Hear him ! He is crazy. He says the world is round. We all know it is flat."

They laughed and laughed at him.

" Well," said one of the wise men, " let him sail west. When he comes to the edge of the great sea he will fall over. Then we will be rid of him."

The king told Columbus to wait.

He waited seven long years.

Then the king said: "I will not help you. I do not believe your story."

Poor Columbus was so sad. He was now an old man. His hair was snow-white.

He said to little Diego: "Come, my boy. We will find another king. We will go to France."

They set out to walk. It was a long, long way. The road was hot and dusty.

Poor little Diego was so tired, but he was too brave to cry.

By-and-by they came to a large stone house. Some good men lived there.

Columbus knocked at the gate, and said: "Good father, my little boy, Diego, is very hungry. Will you give him a cup of water and a piece of bread?"

"Yes," said the good man. "Come in and rest a while."

The good man was very kind to Columbus and Diego. He gave them something to eat. Then little Diego went to sleep.

The good father asked Columbus where he was going.

Then Columbus began to talk about the far-away lands. He took out his maps and charts. He showed the good father how one might sail around the world to India. He said no one would help him.

The good man said: "Do not go yet. Rest here a while. I know the good queen well. I will write and ask her to help you."

So Columbus waited. In a few days the queen's letter came.

It said: "Send Columbus to me."

This made Columbus very happy. Once more he went to see the king and queen of Spain.

This time they listened to him. Then the king said : " We cannot help you. We have no money."

Poor Columbus went away very sad.

But some one ran after him, and called : " Columbus, come back. The queen wants you."

So Columbus went back. The queen said : " You shall have the money. I will sell my gold rings and chains. Then I will buy you ships."

Now Columbus and Diego were happy. They thought their troubles were over. But they were not.

Columbus had ships. But it took a long time to find sailors. Men were afraid to go so far out on the ocean.

## ACROSS THE OCEAN

---

**O**NE bright, sunny day, Columbus set sail. He was very happy. He was going to find the way around the world. Little Diego stayed in Spain. The good queen kept him.

The ships sailed west a great many days. The sea and sky grew dark. This made the sailors more and more afraid. They became angry, and said to Columbus: "Take us home, or we will throw you into the sea."

Columbus said: "Wait a little longer. We will soon see land again."

Days went by, and still no land was seen. Every night Columbus watched the stars. They could help him find the way.



The sailors were so angry ! They wanted to kill Columbus.

So he said : "If we do not see land in three days, we will go back to Spain."

That very day some land-birds flew on the ship. The next day the ships passed some green leaves floating in the water.

Then they knew land must be near.

But still no land could be seen.

Just at sunset, Columbus saw a dark spot far away. The sailors saw it, too.

"Land ! Land !" they cried.

No one slept that night. The sky was bright with stars. Every one watched the little spot.

The next morning they were very near the land. They could see pretty birds, trees, and flowers. Little children were at play on the beach. Men with bows

and arrows were running up and down the shore.

Columbus took a little boat and went on the land. Some of the sailors went with him. He put up the flag of Spain.

## THE RED MEN

---

THE people on the land looked strange. They had long black hair and red skin. Some of them had their faces painted. The women wore rings in their noses. They had chains around their ankles.

Columbus thought they were in India. He called these red men Indians.

The Indians thought the ships were big birds with white wings. They thought Columbus and the sailors were children from the sky.

They ran up to Columbus, and, in their way, said : " Welcome, white men."

They were very kind to Columbus. They gave him their gold rings and other pretty things. They made him a bed of green

•

leaves. Then they made their children kiss the white men.

Columbus gave the Indians glass beads, little bells, and red caps. This made them very happy. They jumped up and down and danced around him.

The Indians had never seen a looking-glass. One day a sailor gave one to an Indian girl. She looked at it and saw her own face. The poor girl was so frightened! She threw it down and ran away. She hid in her wigwam all day.

One of the Indians wanted a bell to hang in his nose. Some of the sailors thought they would have some fun with him. They told him to come on the ship. Then they threw him into the sea.

Columbus saw them, and was angry. He sent out a boat for the Indian. When the

Indian was brought back, Columbus put a red cap on his head and beads on his arms. Little bells were hung to his nose and ears. Brass rings were put on his fingers. Then Columbus sent him home.

The Indian was so happy. He marched up and down the shore. He wanted to show the other Indians how grand he was.

Columbus looked everywhere for gold. He did not find any. He found out that the land was a small island. The Indians told him there was a bigger land not very far away.

Soon Columbus sailed back to Spain. He took with him some of the birds, fruit, flowers, and Indians. He wanted to show them to the king and queen.

## THE QUEEN'S PARTY

---

THE people of Spain were very glad to see Columbus again : They had a big parade when he came back. First came the Indians. They wore bright feathers in their hair. Their faces were painted red and black.

Then came the birds, fruit, and flowers. Next was Columbus. He rode on a big black horse. Little Diego walked at the head of the horse.

Every one was so happy ! They rang the bells, and built big bonfires.

The king and queen gave Columbus a party. They invited all the wise men to come and hear him tell about the new land.

When they were at the table, one of the wise men said : " Oh, well, Columbus, if you

had not found this new land, some one else would."

Columbus said : "Can you make an egg stand up on end ?"

The wise man tried it. Then he passed it to the next wise man. No one could make the egg stand up.

Then Columbus took the egg. He broke the shell a little. Then it stood up very straight on end.

The wise men said : "Oh, any one can do that."

"Yes," said Columbus, "after I have shown him how."

Then he said : "Any one can find the new land now. I have shown you the way."

Columbus stayed in Spain only a little while. Then he set sail for the new land again.


## DEATH OF COLUMBUS

---

**T**HE second time Columbus sailed to the new land, nearly every one wanted to go with him. The people thought they would find gold and come home rich. They did not find any gold. This made them very angry. On their way home they put chains on Columbus, and were very cruel to him.

When the ship reached Spain, the queen was very kind to Columbus. She had the chains taken off.

Columbus went to the new land twice after this. The last time he was put in chains again. Then these cruel men sent him home in chains. This time he had no





friends to help him. The good queen was dead.

Columbus was now too old to work. Soon he grew very poor.

When he was sick, he said : " Do not cry for me ; I do not wish to live."

Day by day he grew worse. In a little while the kind old man was dead.

They buried him in Spain. Many years after he was buried on the island which he found.

Columbus did not find a short way to India. He did something better. He found our own land,

#### AMERICA

STORY OF  
CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

THE  
JOURNAL OF  
THE  
ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE

## EARLY ADVENTURES

---

ONCE there was a little boy named John Smith. He lived in England.

John was a lazy boy. He liked to play better than to study. So he went to school only a little while.

He wanted to go to sea. He thought it would be fine fun to be out on the ocean on a big ship.

But his father said : " John, you won't like the sea. The work on a ship is very hard."

John thought that he knew better than his father. So he said to himself, " I will sell my books and satchel. Then I will go away to sea."

Just then his father died. John stayed at home with his mother. By-and-by he went

to work in a store. He did not like it, and one day he went to sea.

At first he thought it was fine fun. Then a big storm came up. The wind blew, and the sails were torn.

The sailors did not like John, so they said :  
“See that boy. He has brought us bad luck. Let us get rid of him.”

So they threw him into the sea. It was not very far out, and John swam to the shore. He sat down on the ground. He looked at his clothes. They were all wet, and his hat was gone. He shook his head and said : “I do not like the sea. I will be a soldier.”

He went to fight the Turks. One day he killed three of them in a battle. Then he was taken prisoner. The Turks were very cruel to him. They put a very heavy iron

collar around his neck. He was given to one of the Turks as a slave.

The Turk sent him out into the field to thresh wheat. He used a big wooden bat like a ball-club.

One day poor John was very tired. He sat down to rest. Just then his master rode up on his horse. He saw John was not at work.

He said: "Get up, you lazy fellow!" Then he struck him with his whip.

This made Smith very angry. He hit the Turk on the head, and killed him. "Now," said Smith, "I must run. They will kill me if they catch me."

He jumped on the horse and rode into the woods. He hid in the daytime. When it was dark he went on as fast as he could. After many days he got back to his old home in England.

## VOYAGE TO AMERICA

---


**E**VERY one was talking about America. Three ships were just ready to sail to the new land.

Smith said he would go with them. It was winter-time, and they were out in many storms. For days they could not see the sun. The clouds grew darker and darker. The rain came down harder and harder.

By-and-by the rain stopped. The sun came out, and there was the land. They could see a river, too.

The ships sailed into this river. Every one was happy. They could see tall trees, pretty flowers, and green hills. They could hear the birds singing.

The people said: "This is a pretty place. Let us land here."



The king of England was named James. So they called the river James, and the place Jamestown.

When they landed they saw a great many Indians. They were hiding behind the trees.

When they saw the white men they shot their arrows at them. Then they started after them with their war-clubs. The white people thought they would all be killed.

Just then one of the men on the ship fired a gun at the Indians. The shot struck a tree. Some of the branches fell on the Indians' heads. This frightened them so that they ran away to the woods.

The Indians had never seen any white people before. It was the first time they had ever heard a gun fired.

After a few days, Smith said, "We will



make our home here. Let us plant corn and build houses."

At first the men worked hard. They cut down trees and built houses. Then they cleared off the ground to plant corn. By-and-by they grew tired of this. They said: "We will not work any more. We will hunt for gold. Then we will go back to England."

Day after day the men set out with their shovels. They dug and dug, but did not find any gold.

It was winter. The days and nights were cold. There were not enough houses to live in. Nearly all of the food was gone. The people thought they would all starve.

The Indians had great fields of corn. Smith said that he would try to get some for the people.

He took some beads, and went up the river in his boat.

He said to the chief: "My people are starving. Will you sell us some corn?"

But the chief shook his head.

Then Smith said: "Look here. I have something to show you."

He held out a handful of beads.

"Oh, what are they?" asked the chief.

"They are beads," said Smith. "You put them on a string, and wear them around your neck."

"I want them," said the chief. "Give me some."

"Well," said Smith, "you give me some corn. Then I will give you some beads."

The chief gave him a whole boat-load of corn. Smith gave him just a handful of beads.

The chief was so happy. He danced all around Smith. He looked at the beads, one by one.

When Smith got back to his people, he said: "I have some corn for you. But if you do not work, I will not give you any."

This made the men angry. They went to work, but they called Smith some bad names.

Smith said to them: "You must not call me bad names. If you do I will pour cold water down your backs."

The men soon stopped. They didn't want the cold water.

## CHASED BY INDIANS

---

THE people thought America was only a little piece of land. The king of England had told them to find the Pacific Ocean if they could. They thought they might find the short way to India, too.

So one day Smith set sail up the river. He did not know the ocean was miles and miles away. He went up the river as far as he could in his ship. Then he took two men and went on in a boat.

After a while he went on the shore to shoot some game. He left the two men in the boat.

Soon a great many Indians came upon the men, and killed them with their arrows.

They saw Smith's footprints, and started

after him. When they saw him, the chief cried : " Shoot him. Kill him."

The Indians let their arrows fly.

No one hit him.

Smith shot off his gun as fast as he could.

All this time he was walking backward. He could not see where he was going. He stepped into a soft place, and sank to his knees.

He tried hard to get out. But he went down deeper and deeper. Soon he was up to his waist in the mud. Now he could not fight or run.

The arrows were flying all about him.

He held out his hands to the Indians, but they would not come near him. They were afraid of the gun. Then he threw away the gun. So the Indians pulled him out.

Smith made friends with the Indians. He

gave them a compass, and told them how to use it. They all wanted to see the white man. So six big Indians led him through the villages.

The Indians were afraid of him. He told them that the world was round, and that it was the same sun that came up every day. The Indians thought that at night the sun went into the sea, and that a new sun came up next day.

Sometimes they danced to please him. Then they would dance around him and yell to frighten him.

## THE TALKING CHIP

---

**O**NE day Smith wrote a letter on a chip. He sent it to Jamestown by the Indians. When he gave it to them, he said: "Go to Jamestown, and give this to the white men. It will tell them to show you a grindstone and a gun that are under a tree. The gun will make a loud noise like thunder. They will give you some bells and red caps too."

"That is not so," said the Indians. "You can't make a chip talk."

"Do as I tell you," said Smith, "and you will see."

So the Indians went to Jamestown. They gave the chip to the white men.

The white men took them and showed them a grindstone and the gun under the

tree. Then one of the white men shot the gun off. The noise was like thunder. Then the white men gave the Indians some bells and red caps.

"Who told you to do all this and to give us these things?"

"John Smith," said the men.

"No, no," said the Indian, "it was not Smith. It must have been the chip. I listened, but I could not hear it talk."

The white men laughed. They said: "Smith talked to the chip. Then it told us what he said." The Indians did not know what to think of it. They said: "Let us go back. We must kill John Smith. He can make chips talk."

"No," said one, "let us take him to our great chief."



## THE STORY OF POCAHONTAS

---

**P**OWHATAN was the great chief of all the Indians. He sat on a wooden throne. He wore a long robe of skins. His crown was of long bright feathers. Indians stood all around him. The men had their faces painted. The women wore rings in their noses.

When Smith was led in, they all yelled. One who seemed to be queen came and washed his feet. She wiped them with feathers.

She was Pocahontas, the chief's little daughter.

Powhatan talked to Smith a long time. Then he said :

"The white man must die. He may do us great harm."

Poor Pocahontas felt very sad. She did not want Smith to die.

At last the day came. Two large stones were put in front of Powhatan.

Smith's hands and legs were tied. His head was laid upon the stone.

The great club was lifted to strike.

Just then they heard a girl scream.

Powhatan started up. The Indians stopped their yelling. They all listened.

Poor Pocahontas ran through the crowd. She threw her arms over Smith's head.

"Kill me ! Kill me !" she cried. "You shall not kill him."

At first Powhatan was angry ; but he loved his little girl. So he said : " Let him live."

Powhatan kept Smith some days.

" He said : " I will frighten him. Then he will not hurt us."

He had two hundred Indians yell and dance around Smith. Then Powhatan said :

“ We are now friends. Go back to Jamestown. Send me two guns and a grindstone. I will give you much land. I will love you as my own son.”

Smith did not believe him. He thought they would kill him. But he got safely back to Jamestown.

He sent the guns. The grindstones were so heavy the Indians could not carry them. Smith also gave them some little bells. He sent Pocahontas a long string of beads and a looking-glass. He never forgot the little girl who saved his life.

Pocahontas was a good friend to the white people. One time she heard the Indians were going to fight them. That night she walked to Jamestown to tell Smith.

It was very dark and stormy. She went through the woods all alone, but she was not afraid. So the white people were ready when the Indians came, and drove them away.

All one winter Pocahontas carried food to the white people. Many times the ground was covered with snow and ice, but the brave girl went just the same.

## POWHATAN'S PRESENTS

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**T**HE people in England said : " We will send Powhatan some presents. Then he will be kind to the people at Jamestown." By the next ship they sent him a crown, a red robe, a wash-pan, and a bedstead.

Now Powhatan felt very proud. He would not sell the white people any more corn. The people were afraid they would starve. But Smith said : " Never mind, I will get you some corn."

He took some blue beads and went to see Powhatan.

He said : " How do you do, Powhatan ? I have come to buy some corn."

" But I won't sell you any," said Powhatan.

" Why, how is that ?" said Smith.

“Well,” said Powhatan, “see that washpan and bedstead? They are mine. And I have a new crown that is all gold. Now I am a great chief. I will not sell any more corn.”

“All right,” said Smith. “Oh, I forgot, did you see these beads?”

“Give me some! give me some!” said Powhatan.

“No,” said Smith, “only a great prince can wear them. They are made out of something like the sky.”

Powhatan said: “I am a great prince. You must give me some.”

But Smith said, “No.”

By-and-by Powhatan said: “If you will give me some of them, I will give you corn.” This made Smith very happy. He took back plenty of corn for his people.

## SHOOTING AT THE HAT

---

**S**MITH tried again to find the Pacific Ocean. On his way north a great storm came up. The sails were all torn.

"What shall we do ! what shall we do !" cried the sailors.

"Be brave, my men," said Smith. "We can fix the sail."

"But we have no cloth," said the sailors.  
"Well," said Smith, "I will take my shirt."

"So will we," said the sailors.

Soon the sail was patched, and they went on. They did not find the ocean. But Smith made some good maps. They also got corn from the Indians.

Once the Indians came up to fight Smith.

Nearly all his men were sick. So he played a trick on the Indians.

First he got all the sick men out of the way. Then he put their hats on sticks. This made them look like men.

When the Indians saw so many hats, they were afraid. They shot off their arrows. Some of them hit the hats, but did not knock them off.

The Indians said: "Let us run. Our arrows do not kill the white men, but their guns may kill us."

Smith and his men were glad to get to Jamestown. They found many new people there. Another ship had just come over from England.

The people did not like Smith. They were very mean to him.

One day he was out in his boat. Some



gunpowder exploded, and he was hurt very badly. So he went back to England to get well.

He never saw Jamestown again.

Smith made another trip to America. This time he went farther north. He called all the land "New England."

He did not stay there very long. He went back to his old home in England.

It was there this brave man died.

STORY OF  
CAPTAIN MILES STANDISH

"You must come to my church. You have no right to have a church of your own." He made a law that all the people must go to his church. If they did not he would punish them.

This law frightened the people very much. They were afraid he would put them in jail. They did not know what to do. They did not want to go to King James' church. They were afraid to go to their own.

Some of them said: "We are not afraid of the king."

And they went to their own church anyway.

The king said: I am your king. You must do as I say."

So he punished them. Some were whipped. Some were put in jail. Some had their houses burned.

Many of these people said : " We can't stand this any longer. Let us go to Holland. There we can do as we please."

So they sold their homes and were ready to go. But King James had been watching them. He put the people in jail. He kept them there a long time.

When he let them out he said : " Now, you may go. But do not try to run away again."

## PILGRIMS IN HOLLAND

---

**T**HE next year the people tried again to go to Holland. This time all the men were on board the ship. Everything was ready to sail. They were waiting for the women and children.

Just then some officers rode up on horseback. The men sailed away, but the women and children were taken to jail. They were kept there a long time.

One day the king said: "I will let you go, if you will pay me some money."

But the poor women and children had no money.

Then he said: "I will let you out, if you will go to your homes and stay there."

But they had no homes. By-and-by the

king grew tired of keeping them. So he let them go free.

Now the poor women and children had a hard time. They had no homes, and they had no money to pay their way to Holland. The king would not help them.

One day a ship was ready to sail.

The captain was a kind man, and he was sorry for the women and children. So he took them on his ship for nothing. When they reached Holland, the men were very glad to see them.

These people lived in Holland for about ten years. They were very happy. They built their own church, and worshipped God as they pleased.

These people were called Pilgrims.

By-and-by they grew tired of Holland. They could not buy any land there. They

thought they would go to America. They had heard of John Smith and of Jamestown. But they were a little afraid of the Indians. They talked about it for some time.

Then they said: "Well, we will go to America. There we can get plenty of land. We can make our homes and build our church to please us."

So they went back to England. Then they set sail for America.

Captain Miles Standish went with them. He was not a Pilgrim, but he liked them very much. He was very brave, and he liked to fight in war.

The Pilgrims thought he would not be afraid of the Indians.

## ON THE SEA.

---

THE Pilgrims left England in a ship called the *Mayflower*.

There were about one hundred people on board. The ship was small, and they were crowded for room.

At first the children thought it was great fun. They said the ship was as good as a swing. They liked it to rock from side to side. Sometimes a big wave took them away up, and then down, down they would come.

The children laughed and laughed. They said: "This is the best fun we ever had. Let us live on the ship all the time."

Miles Standish liked to tease the children. So he said, "Just wait until a big



storm comes up. Then it won't be such fun."

But the children only laughed at him. They said, "Who's afraid of the storm? It will only make the ship rock better."

By-and-by a big storm did come up. The wind blew and blew. This made the ship rock so that all the children got sick. They cried to go back home.

They said, "We don't like this old ship. Take us home! Oh, please take us home!"

This storm lasted seven days and nights. All that time they never saw the sun, moon, nor stars.

But they could see the lightning and hear the thunder. They thought they would never find America.

By-and-by the rain stopped and the sun came out again.

The Pilgrims were on the water for two months. Then they saw land. It was Cape Cod.

Cape Cod is a long narrow piece of land in Massachusetts. It looks like an arm that is bent at the elbow.

The Pilgrims thought that they would find green trees and pretty flowers. But all they could see were bare hills, sand, and rocks.

They said: "This is a good place. We can have our own land. We can worship our God as we please."

The *Mayflower* landed on Saturday. The next day the Pilgrims stayed on the ship. They sang songs and prayed.

## CAUGHT IN THE DEER TRAP.

---

**O**N Monday morning, Miles Standish went on land. He took some men with him. They wanted to find a good place to build their houses.

They had not gone far when they came to some soft ground. It looked as if it had just been ploughed.

Miles Standish said, "I wonder what made the ground this way."

The men said: "Something must be planted here."

"No," said Miles Standish, "an Indian or a wild animal has made it."

"Well," said the men, "the best way to find out is to look."

So they dug up the ground. They found some Indian baskets.

"Well, well," said Miles Standish, "this is strange."

"Let us see what is in them," said the men.

So they pulled up the baskets. They were full of Indian corn.

"This is fine," said Standish; "we can take the corn home."

"No," said the men. "It does not belong to us."

"Oh, that is all right," said Standish; "the Indians put the corn here. We can pay them when we see them."

So they went back to the *Mayflower*. They took all the corn they could carry.

One day they saw the Indians, and paid them for the corn.

The men set out again. They soon came to a tree. One of its branches was bent clear over to the ground. They saw many acorns lying under it.

Miles Standish said: "That is a funny tree. I wonder why the limb grew that way."

One of the men said: "Wait a minute; I want to look at it."

"No, come on. We have not time to-day," said Miles Standish.

But the man went closer to the tree. He walked up and stepped on a branch.

Suddenly he went flying into the air. He hung to the branch by his heels.

The bent branch was a deer-trap. The Indians had fixed it there. The young man had put his foot in the trap, and sprung it. The limb jerked him up into the tree, but he was not hurt.

The other men laughed and laughed at him.

Miles Standish said: "Now I guess you know why the tree is bent."

"Yes," said the man, "but I am not a deer. Some one come up here, and help me get my foot loose."

So one of the men climbed up in the tree, and got the foot out of the trap. Then the young man came down.

## HUNTING FOR A HOME

---

THE next day the men went on. They couldn't find a good place to build houses.

They could see the blue hills some miles away. They thought they would go there. So they took a boat and started.

In a few hours it began to snow. The men wanted to go back to the *Mayflower*.

But Standish said: "No, let us go on; the snow will soon stop."

But it did not stop. It fell faster and faster. It was so cold that their coats were frozen stiff.

They went on the land and built up a big fire. Then they rolled up some big logs to keep the snow off.

In the night they heard a strange noise.

"What is that?" said the men.

"I guess it is a wolf," said Standish,  
"but it won't come near the fire."

One man kept watch. The wolf never came back. The rest went to sleep again.

The next morning the storm was over. The men thought they would go on. One of the men took the guns down to the boat. Then they would be ready to start when breakfast was over.

Pretty soon they heard that same noise again. They all stopped to listen. "What can it be?" they asked. No one knew. Just then a great shower of arrows fell upon them.

"Indians! Indians!" cried the men.

Then another shower of arrows came down.



Some of the men ran for their guns. Others held their thick overcoats in front of them.

When their guns came, they fired them off as fast as they could.

The Indians did not like the noise. They ran away to the woods.

One big Indian was braver than the rest. He got behind a tree and shot off his arrows.

Miles Standish fired his gun at the Indian. The shot struck the tree. Some of the branches fell on the Indian's head. This frightened him, and he ran away.

Not one of the white men was hurt. But their overcoats were stuck full of arrows. One arrow went through the top of a man's hat.

The Pilgrims soon found a good place to

build their houses. John Smith had once been there.

They called the place Plymouth, after a city in England. Many of the Pilgrims had lived there.

Miles Standish said: "I think this is a good place."

"Yes," said the men; "the *Mayflower* can land here. There is a good spring of water over there."

They could see some corn-fields, too. Some Indians had been there, but had gone away.

Then the men went back to the ship. When the *Mayflower* sailed around to Plymouth, it stopped near a big rock. Each Pilgrim stepped from the ship on this rock.

So they called it Plymouth Rock.

## SAMOSET VISITS THE PILGRIMS

---

**T**HE Pilgrims set to work to build houses.

Some of the men went into the woods to cut down trees. Some planted corn. The women and children worked too. They carried the water, built the fires, and got the dinners.

The men made rough houses out of logs. They used oiled paper for the windows.

The weather was very cold. The ground was covered with snow and ice.

The people did not have much to eat. Many of them were sick, and some of them died.

Miles Standish was not sick. He helped every one. He took care of the sick.

Sometimes he washed their clothes and cooked for them.

By-and-by the warm days came. The sun shone, and every one was better. The corn grew, and they had plenty to eat. Now the Pilgrims were very happy.

All this time they had not seen any Indians.

One day the men were at work in the woods. They saw some one coming down the hill.

"Who is that?" said one of the men.

"Oh, one of our men," said Standish.

So they went on with their work.

By-and-by, they heard some one say :  
"Welcome, Englishmen ! Welcome, Englishmen !"

They looked up and saw an Indian.

The men said : "Hello, where did you come from ?"

The Indian said : " I am Samoset. I live in the next Indian village. I came to see the white men."

Standish said : " Who taught you to speak English ?"

Samoset said: " Oh, a long time ago some sailors came over from England. I talk as they did."

The Pilgrims were very kind to Samoset. They gave him a coat to wear.

By-and-by it grew dark. They thought it was time for him to go home.

But Samoset said : " Samoset likes the white people. He will stay all night."

The Pilgrims did not want him to stay, but they were afraid to tell him so. So they made him a bed. Some one watched him all night. They thought that he might kill them when they were asleep.

The next morning, Samoset went home.

Standish said: "Good-by, Samoset; come and see us again."

"All right, I will," said Samoset. "Next time I will bring some other Indians with me."

"Tell them to bring some skins and furs, then we can trade with them," said Standish.

"What will you trade?" said Samoset.

"Oh, we have knives, beads, rings, chains, and lots of things," said Standish.

"Let me see them. Show them to me," said Samoset. So the Pilgrims showed all the things to him.

"I like the white people," said Samoset.

"Won't you give me a knife?"

So they gave him a knife, a ring, and a bracelet. Then he went away.

## SQUANTO AND MASSASOIT

---

THE next day, Samoset came back. He brought five Indians with him. They were very tall, and had some skins across their backs.

Samoset came first. He left the others on the hill.

He said to the Pilgrims : " Good-morning, white people. We have come to trade."

Standish said : " The Indians must leave their bows and arrows on the hill. Then they may come to see us."

Samoset went back to the hill. He told the Indians to put down their bows and arrows. Then they marched to the town.

Samoset said : " Here are some skins. Now, give us some knives."

But it was Sunday, and the Pilgrims would not trade on Sunday.

So Standish said: "We cannot trade to-day. Come back to-morrow."

"We want to stay here," said Samoset.

"We are too tired to go."

"Well," said Standish, "stay and eat dinner with us. Then you can rest."

The Indians were glad to stay. They sang and danced for the Pilgrims.

When it was dark, the Indians started home. Standish gave each of them a knife. Just then Samoset began to cry.

"What is the matter?" asked Standish.

Samoset said: "Oh, I am so sick! I can't go home. I will stay all night with the white people."

The Pilgrims did not believe him. They thought he was only playing sick.



But they said : " That is all right, Samoset. You may stay with us."

Samoset stayed three days. When he went away they gave him a hat, a pair of shoes, and a shirt.

The next day he came back again. This time he had another Indian with him. His name was Squanto.

Squanto could speak English also.

They talked to the Pilgrims for a long time. They told them about the Indians who lived near Plymouth.

Standish said : " Who is the chief of all these Indians ?"

" Massasoit," said Squanto.

" Will he fight us ?" asked Standish.

" No," said Squanto, " he likes the white people. He will come to see you to-morrow."

The next day, Massasoit came to see the Pilgrims.

He brought sixty Indians with him.

The Pilgrims were afraid of so many Indians. But Miles Standish said: "I will go to meet Massasoit, and take him some presents. Then he will not hurt us."

He walked up to Massasoit, and said: "Welcome, Chief. We are glad to see you."

Then he gave him a red coat, two knives, and a chain. Massasoit was very proud of these presents.

He left the Indians on the hill, and went with Standish to see the Pilgrims.

Massasoit talked with them for a long time. When he went away, he said: "Good-by, white people, we will always be friends."

“All right,” said the Pilgrims; “you help us and we will help you.”

Massasoit said: “That will be good. Then the white men and the Indians will be brothers.”

## THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

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**T**HE Pilgrims were now very happy. The days were warm. Every one was well. They had good homes and plenty of corn. The Indians were friendly.

They said : " Let us thank God. He has made the sun shine and the rain fall. We are all well, and our corn has grown."

So they thought they would have a Thanksgiving party.

Miles Standish said : " Yes, let us have a party, and invite all the Indians."

The children thought it would be fine to have a party. They said : " We will invite all the little Indians, too."

So they got up a big dinner. They had roast turkey and pumpkin pies. The In-

dians brought fresh fish from the sea, and wild ducks and geese.

Massasoit and the Indians were all dressed up. They had their faces painted. They wore feathers and fox-tails in their hair. The children played in the fields and had a fine time. They wanted to have a party every day.

Now, every year we have a Thanksgiving day.

## THE RATTLESNAKE SKIN

---

THE Indians in the next village to Massasoit's did not like the white people. The chief thought he would frighten them. So he sent them a bundle of sharp arrows. The arrows were tied with a rattlesnake skin.

That meant that he dared the white men to come out and fight them.

The Pilgrims threw away the arrows and filled the skin with powder and shot. Then they sent it to the chief.

This meant that the white people were not afraid to touch the skin.

The chief said : " Throw it away ! Throw it away ! Guns make a loud noise. They hurt worse than our arrows."

The Pilgrims thought the Indians might fight them. So they built a high fence around Plymouth. Then they built a fort on top of the hill, and put three guns there.

They used the lower part of the fort for a church. Every Sunday all the Pilgrims went to church. Brave Miles Standish marched ahead. Each man had a gun. When they were in the church, one man on the outside watched.

They listened to hear him cry, "Indians! Indians!" But the Indians did not come.

By-and-by some more people came from England. They went to live a few miles north of Plymouth. The Indians did not like these people. They said they would kill them all.

Miles Standish said he would go and help

the white people. So he took a few men and went up there.

One big Indian walked up to Standish. He looked at him for a long time.

Then the Indian said : "What ! are you the man who has come to kill us ?"

"Yes, I am the man," said Standish.

The Indian laughed, and then he said : "You are too little. Nobody is afraid of you. Why don't you fight with the women?"

This made Standish angry. His face got very red. He went right up to the big Indian, and said : "I may be little, but I am not afraid of you. I will show you how I can fight."

The next day they did have a fight. The big Indian was killed, but little Miles Standish was not even hurt.



Miles Standish could do more than fight. He helped the Pilgrims in many ways.

He went up and down the coast, and traded with the Indians.

Then he went back to England, and got money and goods for the Pilgrims.

He lived to be an old, old man. His home was on a high hill, called Captain's Hill.

When he died they buried him on this hill.

The Pilgrims put up a stone one hundred feet high over his grave.

On it is a statue of brave Miles Standish. It is looking toward his old home in England.

STORY OF  
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN



## BEN'S BOAT

---

**M**ANY years ago there was a little boy named Benjamin Franklin. His home was in the city of Boston.

Ben's father was very poor. He had a shop, and made soap and candles.

He sent Ben to school for two years. Then he said : " Ben, you must go to work. I cannot send you to school any longer."

"What can I do?" asked Ben.

"You must help me," said his father ;  
"you can cut the wicks and keep the shop."

Ben said to himself : " Now, I'll have to work all the time. I know I won't like it. It is more fun to go down to the river with the other boys. There I can row a boat sometimes."

But he told his father he would help him.

One day his father gave him some wicks to cut. His father said: "Take these wicks, Ben. Go into the work-room. I will call you when I want you."

So Ben took the wicks and went away. It was a very warm day. He did not want to work. He said: "I will play a while. Then I will cut the wicks."

He thought he would make a boat.

So he took an old stool and turned it upside down. He used a broomstick for the mast. An old towel was tied to it for a sail.

"It must have a name," said Ben.

So on one side he painted in big black letters,

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN

*Boston.*

"Now," said Ben, "this is a fine boat. I will sail it on the river."

Just then his father called : "Ben, bring the wicks."

But Ben did not hear him. His father called again, this time a little louder :

"Ben ! oh, Ben ! bring the wicks !"

Still Ben did not hear.

"Where is that boy ?" said his father ; "I must look for him."

So he went into the work-room. There on the floor sat little Ben. The boat was in front of him. He was making wooden sailors to go in the boat.

"Ben," said his father, "where are those wicks ?"

"Wicks !" said Ben. "Oh, I forgot all about them. See my boat. Isn't it a fine one ?"

“Yes,” said his father; “but the next time do your work first. Then you can play.”

So Ben set to work. In a little time the wicks were cut. Then he took his boat and went down to the river. He sailed his boat for a long time.

## BUILDING THE WHARF

---

**B**EN'S home was near a pond. Ben and some other boys used to go there to fish. The ground was soft, and they had to stand in the mud. The boys did not like the mud; but they wanted to fish. They did not know what to do.

By and by, Ben thought of a plan. He said: "Boys, I know how we can get rid of this mud."

"How? How?" cried they.

"Oh, you must guess," said Ben.

"I know," said one; "you want us to put a board over the mud."

"No," said Ben, "that isn't it."

Another boy said: "We can cover the mud with sand."



Ben shook his head.

"Tell us," said the boys, "we can't guess."

"Well," said Ben, "let us build a wharf."

"We can't," said the boys, "we haven't any stones."

Ben said: "Don't you see that big pile of stones over there? We can use them."

"All right," said the boys; "let us go to work."

"No," said Ben: "the men won't let us have them. But come to-night after dark. We will carry them over here. Then we will make them into a wharf."

"Hurrah! we will do it," said the boys.

Then they went home. When it was dark they came back to the pond.

They all set to work. The stones were big and heavy. Sometimes it would take two of them to carry one stone.

The boys grew tired, but they did not stop. By-and-by the wharf was done.

“Now, boys,” said Ben, “let us give three cheers, and go home to bed. To-morrow it will be fine fun to fish.”

The boys waved their hats and cried: “Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!”

Then they all went home. They were so happy they did not sleep much that night.

The next morning the workmen could not find their stones.

They said: “This is strange. The stones could not walk or fly away. Some one must have taken them.”

They looked and looked, but they could not find them.

Pretty soon they saw some footprints. They followed them down to the pond. There they saw the new wharf.

"Those are our stones," said the men.  
"Yes," said one, "the boys will soon come to fish. Let us wait for them."

In a little while the boys came. They were laughing and talking. They had their fishing-poles in their hands.

"Hello!" said the men, "that is a fine wharf; but where did you get the stones?"

"In the fields," said the boys.

"Well," said the men, "they belong to us. You must carry them all back."

"But," said the boys, "we need the wharf."

"And we need the stones," said the men.

So the poor boys set to work. They carried the stones back, one by one.

That night Ben's father said : "Why did you take the stones? They did not belong to you."

“ We thought it was a good thing to make the wharf. We didn’t like to stand in the mud,” said Ben.

But his father said : “ No, my boy, nothing is good that isn’t honest.”

## BEN LEARNS TO READ

---

**B**EN liked to read. He read all of his father's books. Then he sold some of his playthings to buy more.

One day his uncle gave him "Robinson Crusoe" to read.

Ben thought it was a fine book. He wanted to read it all the time.

His mother told him to put away his book and do his work.

But Ben said : " Oh, mother, just let me read one more page!"

Then when that page was read, he would say : " Just one more page."

Pretty soon his father came home, He found the work not done. This made him

very angry. He sent Ben to bed without any supper.

The next morning he called Ben to him and said : " You do not like the shop, so you may work for your brother."

This made Ben very happy. This brother had a printing-office. Ben thought he could have plenty of books to read.

He went to work the next day. He took paper to the book-stores. The men in the stores loaned him books.

He kept them nice and clean. He always took them back the next day. Sometimes he sat up all night to read one through.

One day Ben said : " I wish these books were mine."

" Why don't you buy them?" said the man.

But Ben had no money. He wondered how he could make some.

By-and-by he thought of a plan. He did not eat any meat. He saved that money to buy books.

Ben's brother printed a newspaper. One time Ben wrote some stories for it. He was afraid to tell his brother. He thought he would laugh at him. So he put them under the door at night.

The next morning his brother found the stories. He read them over and over.

Then he said : " These are fine stories. I wonder who wrote them ? "

Ben's face got redder and redder. But he only said : " Will you print them ? "

" Yes," said his brother, " and then you can sell them."

When they were printed Ben put them

into a basket. He went up and down the street crying: "Buy my stories! Who will buy my stories? Only one cent, only one cent!"

He sold them all. Then he told his brother that he wrote them. This made his brother angry.

After that he was very mean to Ben. Sometimes he whipped him.

Ben did not want to stay with his brother any longer. He said he would go away. He thought he could find work in some other town.



## BEN GOES TO PHILADELPHIA

---

**O**NE night Ben went away. It was dark and the wind blew. But Ben was not afraid. He thought that he would have a good time.

First he went on board of a boat. He sold some of his books to pay his way.

The next day a big storm came up. The wind blew and blew. The sails were torn and the boat had to land.

Ben had no place to go, so he stayed on the boat. He made his bed in a corner. That night the waves dashed all over him.

The next morning the sun came out. Ben dried his clothes. Then he set out to walk to the next town.

Soon it began to rain. Poor Ben got all

wet again. His clothes were covered with red mud.

He walked on and on. Still there was no town. He thought it must be miles and miles away.

But by-and-by he came to a city. It was Philadelphia.

Poor Ben was tired and hungry. One silver dollar was all the money he had.

He thought he would get something to eat. So he walked up and down the street. He looked into all the windows.

Pretty soon he came to a baker's shop. Some cakes and rolls were in the window.

"Now," said Ben, "I will have some. Those rolls look fine."

He went into the shop, and bought three large rolls. He put one under each arm. He ate the other as he walked along.

Ben looked very funny. His clothes were all covered with mud. His pockets stood out on each side. He had put his clean shirt and stockings into them,

Ben saw a large white house. He stopped to look at it. He thought he would like to live there.

Just then a young girl came out. She saw Ben at the gate. She laughed and laughed at him. Then she called to her mother: "Do look at this funny boy! I am sure he has been robbing the baker's shop."

Her mother laughed too. "Yes," she said, "he has his arms and pockets full."

Ben knew they were laughing at him. But he did not care. He knew that he looked funny.

Many years after, Franklin married this same girl.

## FRANKLIN THE PRINTER

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THE next day, Franklin looked for work. He walked up and down the street. He wanted to find a printing-office.

By-and-by he saw one. He went in and asked for work.

"Who are you?" said the man.

"My name is Franklin, and I live in Boston. I worked in a printing-office there," he said.

The man shook his head. He did not want to give him work.

But Franklin said: "Please let me try. Then if you do not like me I will go away."

"All right," said the man, "you may go to work now."

He worked hard all day and late every night.

The men in the office said : " Who is this young man ? He works so hard. His work is better than ours."

Every one spoke about his good work.

One day the Governor came to see him. He said : " You are the best printer here. Why don't you set up an office of your own ?"

" I wouldlike to," said Franklin, " but I have no money."

" Won't your father help you ?" said the Governor.

" I do not like to ask him," said Franklin.

" I will write to your father," said the Governor, " and ask him to help you."

The Governor wrote the letter. But Ben's father did not send any money.

So Ben went back to Boston. He did not look like the boy who ran away.

He wore a nice new suit, and carried a silver watch. This time he had more than one silver dollar in his pocket.

His father and mother were very glad to see him.

But his father said : " You must wait a while ; you are too young to have a printing-office of your own."

Ben stayed at home for a few days. Then he went back to Philadelphia.

The Governor came to see him again. He said : " Well, will your father help you ?"

" No," said Franklin ; " he says I am too young."

Then the Governor said : " I will help you. I will lend you the money. But you must go to London to buy the press."

So Franklin crossed the ocean to London.

But the Governor did not send the money. Franklin waited and waited for it. But it never came.

In a little while he found work in a printing-office.

The men in the office drank a great deal of beer. They wanted Franklin to drink it, too. But he said : "No, water is better."

Then the men made fun of him. Franklin did not care for that.

One day they said : "Beer makes us strong. We can do more work than you can."

"Well, let us see," said Franklin.

A large bundle of papers was at the foot of the stairs.

The men said: "This is good. We will carry this paper upstairs. The one who takes up the most is the strongest."

So they all set to work. The paper was heavy, and it took them a long time.

By-and-by it was done. And Franklin beat them all.

He carried up three times as much as any one of them did.

The men did not like this. They said :  
" Well, anyway we can beat you swimming."

" All right," said Franklin, " we will see."

That day they went down to the river. They were in the water for a long time. Franklin could swim longer and faster than any of them.

" Why," said the men, " you can swim as fast as a fish."

Franklin laughed at them. He said :  
" Yes, that is because I drink nothing but water."

The men did not laugh at him any more.



Franklin did not stay in London very long. He went back to Philadelphia.

There he set up a newspaper of his own. He worked hard, and tried to make it a good one.

But some men did not like it. They said : " Your paper does not please us. We will not take it any more."

Franklin only said : " Come to-night and take supper with me."

The men were glad to go. They thought they would have something nice to eat.

All they had was corn-meal mush and water.

The men did not like the mush. They did not eat it; but Franklin ate all of his.

Then he said : " Do you not like my paper ?"

" No," said the men, " you must change it."

"It is a good paper; I will not change it," said Franklin.

"Well," said the men, "we will not take it any more."

"All right," said Franklin, "do not take it. I do not need your help. I can live on mush and water."

The men did not say anything more about the paper.

## FRANKLIN'S KITE

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**F**RANKLIN helped the people in many ways. But he did one thing the best of all. It made every one in the whole world know him.

The people then did not know much about electricity. Franklin thought that it was the same as the lightning in the sky.

Where he lived the lightning did much harm. It set houses on fire, and killed people.

"Now," said Franklin, "I must get some lightning."

He thought and thought about it for a long time. But he did not know what to do.

Then he said : "If I had some kind of a trap, I could catch some lightning."

So he made a kite out of a silk handkerchief. He put a sharp iron point on one stick of the kite.

Then he tied a key to the end of the silk string.

One day a big storm came up. He could see the lightning and hear the thunder.

This made Franklin happy. Now he could try his kite.

He was afraid it would not fly. But it went up, up into the sky.

Franklin watched it for a long time. Then he saw little threads stand out on the string.

He held his hand near the key, and felt the electricity.

Then he went home. He knew that lightning was the same as electricity.

"Now," said Franklin, "I know what will be better than a kite. I will put a tall iron

rod on my house. It will take the electricity from the sky."

So he put up a rod on his house. All the people thought that it was very strange to put an iron rod on a house.

They said: "Why did you do that? What is the rod for?"

"It will keep my house from burning," said Franklin.

"How can it do that?" said the people.

"It will take the lightning from the sky," said Franklin.

But the people did not believe him.

By-and-by a storm came up. The sky was full of lightning.

Many houses were burned. Some people were killed.

Franklin's house was not hurt. Then the

people said: "Well, the rod did keep the lightning away."

So they all put rods on their houses, too. Then the lightning could not set them on fire.

## HELPING HIS COUNTRY

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**A**T this time a war broke out. The people in America had to fight for our country.

Franklin did not fight, but he helped in other ways.

One time we had no money to pay our soldiers.

“What shall we do?” said the people.

Franklin said : “I will go to France and ask the king to help us.”

So he went across the big ocean. He went to see the kings and queens of many lands. He asked them to help our soldiers.

The king of France gave him money for them. Then they could buy food to eat, and clothes to keep them warm.

He also sent some ships and some soldiers to help in the fight.

Before Franklin came home, he was taken sick in France.

The queen of France felt sorry for him. So she sent him down to the wharf in her own carriage.

When he reached home everybody was glad to see him.

Every one loved him. He had done so much for his country.

He lived to see America free. Then he was taken sick.

Soon the kind eyes were shut forever. Franklin was dead.











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